

FAIR EXCEPT FOR COASTAL FOG EXTENDING INLAND NIGHT AND MORN-INC.—the National Weather Service reminds us. But they never predict whether that wispy avalanche will spill over Twin Peaks or not. During the sammer, the wise Noe Valley resident glances to the west with some anxiety. This situation is best solved by wearing a parka over one's tank-top. Voice photographer Charles Kennard shot this view from the sunny safety of Pottero Hill and then announced he was making to Mucin County. He explained that with all the photo equipment he hos to lug around, he doesn't need the extra weight of a complete change of clothes.



THE NOE VALLEY VOICE

-Muni Makes Moves-----

Routes: The Next Generation

It's easy to get downtown. You climb on an 11, a J, or the old 24-8 combo, and enjoy the butt-to-butt company of hundreds of other Noe Valley proletarians riding to or fmm work.

But what about when you get home and want to see your shrink in the Sunset or your baby in Bernal Heights? You can't just take a streetcar named desire; you'll probably have to transfer, at least a couple of times, to a bus named bother or an LRV named late.

That's why Phase II of Muni's Five-Year Plan wants to shift the city's transit pattern away from the traditional radial configuration, towards a grid system. These modifications stem from a study conducted in the mid-'70s and hundreds of public meetings since.

You may or may not be happy with the changes, and you'll get a last chance to speak your peace at a hearing of the Public Utilities Commission, scheduled for 7:30 p.m., Aug. 10, in Room 1194 of the State Office Building at 350 McAllister St. Here's what you should know about the trips they're planning to lay on Noe Valley (see map).

• The 48-Quintara is named for a street most of us have never heard of, but it will usurp a good deal of the present 11-Hoffman and 35-Eureka territory. Starting in the Sunset fog at 48th Avenue, this new line will run east along Quintara through West Portal

Station, over the hill on Portola, and down the former 11 route via Grandview to 24th Street. From there, it will pick up what was the 35 route and journey over to the inscrutable heights of Potrero Hill.

• Thus, the 35-Eureka is getting retired and converted to a "community service" line, running every 20 minutes from the Castro Street Metro Station to Noe and 28th Streets.

• The 11-Hoff will be seen only during peak hours, when it will be needed to help the J move the lumpen between their landlords' Victorians and their bosses' skyscrapers.

• The 24-Divisadero will be extended through Upper Noe Valley and over Cortland to Bernal Heights.

• The 10-Monterey, bumped from Bernal service, will connect St. Mary's Park residents with the Glen Park BART station before heading out to the Sunset.

In general, you won't be seeing less of Muni, but you may be hearing

• You won't have to listen to the pitiful groan of the 24-Divisadero, trying to make it over the Castro Street hill with its morning load of precocious kids and dapper dans. It's going electric, with overhead wires to be strung in 1983.

• The noisy GM buses on the 10-Monterey will be replaced by genteel AM diesels, to the relief of Randall Street sleepers

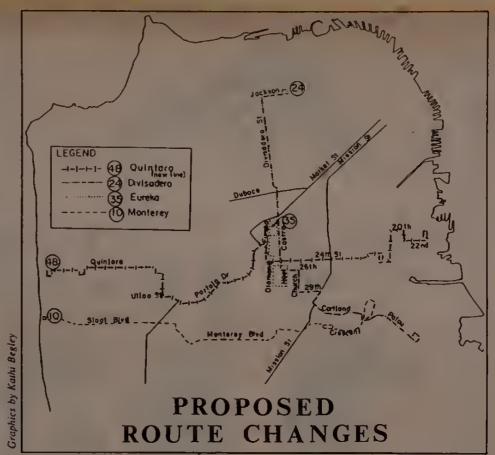
Whether or not the J-line will ever be extended to Balboa Park is still a matter of hearings and environmental impact reports. It's not a part of Phase II.

Jaimie Levin, a planner for Muni, told the Voice that the transit system is steering toward this ideal: a maximum of one transfer to reach any part of the city from any other. The major beneficiaries of the changes will he those who

ride to shops and recreation. Muni's study revealed that most trips are not, in fact, made to or from downtown.

Levin also hopes that Muni's absorption of crosstown traffic will produce an 11 percent increase in patronage and an equivalent relief from automobile glut.

The proposed changes are expected to be implemented Dec. 31 of this year.



-Women's Place Welcomes Men-

Artemis Cafe Adopts Open-Door Policy

By Jeff Kaliss

EDITOR'S NOTE: For reasons that are not an excuse but a legitimate explanation—as will hecame clear below—the Artemis Cafe did not appear among the array of coffee mongers described by Jeff Kaliss in his story called "A Whole Latte Shakin" Goin' On?" in our June/July issue. Sa here she is!

About a month ago, a beautifully carved image of the goddess Artemis and ared outside the cafe at 23rd and Valencia Streets. She is one of the four daughters of Zeus—the one who was

ridiculed for not marrying. Some have referred to her as "the lesbian goddess." Artemis is depicted kneeling, holding a bow. She is a hunter. In order not to obstruct her draw on the bow, she has severed one of her breasts. She did this to survive, to lead the life of her choosing.

Survival is also a concern of Sara Lewinstein, founder of the Artemis Society and owner of the eafe since it opened in February of 1977. To survive, Lewinstein is changing and expanding her operation. First way, the target with carrying out front, translucent curtains

replacing bamboo screens) and making it clear in her advertising that although Artemis will retain its image as a women's cafe, "everyone is welcome" to enjoy the excellent food, beverages, entertainment, and "good women's energy" of the place.

These changes in policy and format came as a surprise to people like myself who had assumed, mainly on the advice of female acquaintances, that men were not welcome. Over a "Chefess" salad and a glass of Red Dragon garnished with orange, twinsteid explained trasshe originally opened Artemis as "a

Continued on Page 6



Red Berets Gear up for Street Beat See Pages 8-9.

Realty Reality

A story titled "Special Use and Abuse" in the June/July 1981 issue of the Voice dealt with the controversial Special Use District ordinance which sets limits on the commercial use of property on 24th Street and portions of certain side streets.

The story included a comment made hy Lou Hopler, president of Friends of Noe Vatley, in a telephone interview with Jeff Kaliss, author of the story. Hopfer's remarks about a building at 1081-3 Noe St., which Talls within the Special Use District, could have been construed as a claim that residential tenants had been evicted for the purpose of installing a realty office at the site.

In fact, although tenants had been asked to vacate the upper and lower flats by the present and past owners of the building, the Voice has confirmed that the lower, flat was vacant at the time that Reyna-Lydell Realty moved in in the fall of 1979 and that therefore there was no eviction.

Mark Lydell, partner with June Reyna in the firm, has pointed out, "I' have never stolen property, and I've never evicted anyone. In fact, I believe honesty is the best way to make mon-

Since publication of the story, Reyna-Lydell has moved to a "better location" at 1320 Castro St. The lower flat (1081 Noe St.) is vacant again, and owner Bill Shields is working "to establish that it's commercially zoned" so that he can set up his own construction office there. Jeff Kaliss has been sentenced to three years hard labor as an investigative reporter for the Voice, with possibility of parole if he checks his facts carefully

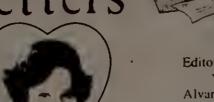
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Letters



Dear Colly

Enclosed is my check in the amount of \$10 for a one year's subscription to the Noe Valley Voice. But how about postage? (I live in Beverly Hills.) Bill me for that, too. If a publication is worth \$10-it's worth \$15.

I'm crazy about Mazook! He makes

All good wishes, and thanks for a most informative and entertaining little newspaper.

Abigail Van Buren Beverly Hills, California

P.S. How old does a person have to he to be considered a Senior Citizen? Please let me know. I may have over-

Crime Tally

During the month of June, 190 crimes were reportedly committed in the Noe Valley area. Though there were no reported homicides or rapes, police recorded 20 assaults, 11 robberies, 41 burglaries, 7 auto thefts, 2 purse snatchings, 20 other thefts, and 89 miscellaneous incidents.

San Francisco Ca. 94114

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DOUGLASS

n

NOE

COURTS

Your article ("Youth Arts Alive at Alvarado" by Steve Steinberg, June, 1981) was literally "front page"! Your interest and enthusiasm for our program, plus your obvious expertise in presentation, made the article an exciting one for all of us.

The most immediate result of your work was seen this past Sunday at our fund-raising concert at the home of Ruth Asawa and her husband, Albert Lanier. The house was filled to capacity and many, many residents of Noe Valley were there.

On behalf of the artist, staff, members of the hoard, and the schools of San Francisco—thank you.

> Pat Brown Program Coordinator Alvarado School



Cheese Company



3893 · 24th Street San Francisco 9414 285-2254

THE NOE VALLEY VOICE

1021 Sanchez Street San Francisco 94114

The Noe Valley Voice is an independent newspaper published monthly except in January and July. It is distri-buted free in Noe Valley and vicinity.

Mail subscriptions are available at a cost of \$10/year (seniors \$5/year).

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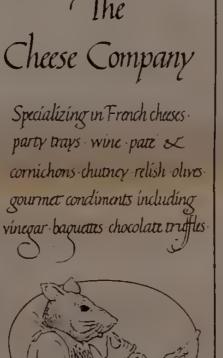
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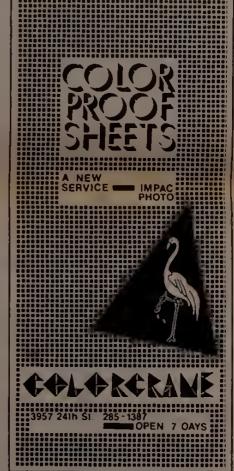
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Riding the Airwaves with the Real Malloy

By Melinda Breitmeyer

"The things I've wanted in my life I've gotten because I played the game according to me, not according to anybody else. So maybe I'm very square."

According to radio and (former) television personality Les Malloy, the thing he wanted most in life was a happy family. The fact that he has also had a glamorous career and huge financial success has been only secondary. That makes him "square."

The story of how Malloy reached his truly golden years contains elements of Horatio Alger and the classic American Dream, both targets of skepticism today. Malloy began life as a scrapping youngster in a struggling Noe Valley family, but he eventually wound up buying and selling radio stations in megabuck deals. Meanwhile, he never lost sight of his homey values—it's enough to make even a cynic take heart.

Today Malloy lives in a small Peninsula town, where he can indulge his passion for gardening flowers and vegetables. But his voice can still be heard in Noe Valley every day on the radio show "Freeway Funnies," which he hosts weekdays from 4 to 6 p.m. on KEST (1450-AM). The show features vintage comedy recordings, like Fibber McGee and Amos and Andy, and is more a source of fun than anything else for Malloy. He has scaled down his activities since he sold his last radio station four years ago.

His wish for a happy home life has been fulfilled. Malloy usually vacations with his children and their families, and lives with his wife of 35 years. They are still as much in love, Malloy will tell you, as when they first met and he won her heart by scoring an interview with the unreachable Frank Sinatra.

"The best time of my life is now." Malloy said as he recalled the eventful years that led to his rose garden and French pumpkin patch.

When Les Malloy was growing up in Noe Valley, his policeman father hrought home \$50 a week to a family of five—not much, even for 60 years ago. The family lived on Jersey Street just a few doors down from the Noe Valley Library. Les' favorite books were biographies, from which he derived "the idea that if you reached out, something good could happen to you."

There was always food on the table, but if the young Malloy wanted anything extra, such as a hamburger from a 24th Street greasy spoon, he soon realized the only way he could afford it was through his own endeavors. He became an entrepreneur even before reaching his teenage years, hustling jobs hawking newspapers on 24th Street corners, cleaning up the local grocery

store at night, and going door-to-door with window-washing equipment and a bright offer. He sold ads, at 50 cents an inch, for the *Twin Peaks Sentinel*, the neighborhood newspaper at that time.

The first money Malloy ever earned he used to buy a pair of shoes. He wanted to replace the only ones his parents could afford, an ill-fitting secondhand pair from Goodwill. He also had "a thing about shirts. There was a shirt laundry up on Castro Street. I'd spend 15 cents for a shirt to be cleaned."

Malloy gained "great satisfaction" from his efforts and their linancial rewards. But one day he was turned on by something more than just pocket money, hy a concept that was still in short pants, too: radio.

Above a little store in the Mission called the Majestic Cloak and Suit House, there was a radio station which in those days used to broadcast police calls along with records. Malloy remembers: "I walked into the radio station one day, and I saw a record—I'll never forget the record: Guy Lombardo's "Running Between the Raindrops'—and I thought, here's a phonograph record and people can hear it on the radio. I absolutely flipped out."

Malloy hung around the station and soon became a "gopher." Then he got his own five-minute spot as the "junior high school reporter on the air. I was so scared I couldn't hold the paper, it used to shake so much. So I had to adlib it. That's how it all started."

What started was Malloy's inimitable off-the-cuff style—a frank and informal delivery that he would later put to good use. But in the beginning, as he pursued radio like a bee homing in on honey, his casual manner was something of a liability.

Everything was formal in the early days of radio, he explained. "I can remember—now this sounds ridiculous—walking into a radio station and seeing fellows dressed in tuxedos, sitting there announcing records from a sheet of paper with instructions all written out."

His first real broadcasting job was at the only station to continue into the late night/early morning hours. Malloy got the midnight to 6 a.m. shift because "the only time you could be informal was after midnight." Since it was the only thing on the air, the show had a big audience. The phones rang constantly: "Five lines, all night long. It was like talking to a city that belonged to you."

Malloy used the opportunity to sharpen his technique, chatting a line of patter to phone callers, whose side of the conversation couldn't be broadcast-because of an FCC rule. He did "Battle of the Bands" programs with Glenn Miller and other popular big bands. And he used the repertoire of sound effects



Noe Valley native Les Malloy made it big in radio and TV, pioneering an informal, off-the-cuff interview manner. Malloy now plays vintage comedy for Bay Area listeners on his "Freeway Funnies" show. Tune in to KEST (1450-AM) from 4 to 6 p.m.

that was developed for radio during this pre-TV era so that listeners could better visualize what they were hearing on "the box."

Finally, Malloy was given a chance to do a daytime show. KYA was then into classical programming, and not doing too well. A new manager decided to try the young nighttime maverick. Malloy introduced his special style to the 4 to 6 p.m. slot at KYA, meanwhile keeping his nighttime show for security.

"I was always afraid that somebody was gonna come in and not like what I did (on KYA)." But no one ever did, and Malloy stayed there for 12 years.

The burgeoning medium of television soon came along and hooked Malloy just like radio had. But this time he fit in perfectly. He had already started doing radio interviews in a loose, chit-chatty manner. Television now demanded the same ad-libbing abilities. Since reading from scripts wouldn't wash in a visual medium (no teleprompter yet), everything was broadcast live with little rehearsal.

In 1949, Malloy was hired to host an interview show, one of the first of its kind. Channel 7's "Les Malloy Presents—Join the Gang" was pretty primitive in the beginning, with Malloy almost singlehandedly producing the show. He had "one camera, one format, an hour and a half to fill, and no budget." But as the commercial possibilities of TV opened up, the show grew by leaps and bounds. "It ended up ten years later with an orchestra, three cameras, a production staff and a budget."

Malloy didn't just walk on stage and 'be himself.' He did his homework and researched the newspaper files on each of his guests.

"When they came on, I knew what I was talking about... Take a movie

director. The first thing he wants to do is sell his movie. But if I tell him I know he was a great fish swallower in college, which he was—Frank Capra—then he falls apart and you start talking on a one-to-one basis about those days. Then you can bring him up to what he wants to talk about."

Malloy calls it "throwing people off-base...on a friendly basis." He didn't practice a technique known as "throwing bombs," however. That was used to put people on the defensive so as, theoretically, to produce a better interview. Malloy preferred to believe that "when people like you, they expand more. That was the basis of the show."

It was a glamorous life, hohnobbing with celebrities, having lunch delivered by limousine, attending one glittering social event after another.

But Malloy saw the other side, the people who lost their jobs when the capricious winds of popularity blew elsewhere. It was "scary as hell. One day you're invited to an opening at the Fairmont, everybody knows you, and then you're out pumping gasoline a week later. Man, that's a slide."

So Malloy traded the risks of working in show business for the risks of owning his own business. He uses only a few words to describe the years of sweat and tears he devoted to his new enterprise: "I got a little radio station in San Mateo. I got that going, and then that led to a bunch of others."

Although Malloy glosses over this period, he was as successful at running radio stations as he had been in carving out his own niche as a kid. But he is modest about his achievements. "What shaped my life were my friends, people who helped me. Because you can't do it by yourself. I had so much help from so many people who liked what I did and supported me.

"There's only so far you can climh by yourself, and then someone will give you a push up that you don't even expect. And if I can give someone else a push, I will."

Malloy was also shaped by his youth in Noe Valley. "One thing the neighborhood taught me: you don't have to live in an affluent area, but you have to have one thing inside the house—you have to have happiness. Money doesn't hring it.







Hardware for the handyman Denny Giovannoh

I I I AY

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Kids and Gays Working it out

By Lynn Rogers

EDITOR'S NOTE: The Community Boards Program provides o forum for arbitration of neighborhood disputes. Its Noe Valley office is located at 1021 Sanchez St. Phone: 821-2470. While the following account is actual, the names are fictitious.

When Jack Blake went out to his car on Memorial Day morning, he found a flat tire. Since the car was parked on a steep hill, he thought he'd better move it hefore he changed the tire. When it wouldn't start, he opened the hood and found the distributor rotor missing. Muttering to himself, he changed his tire on the hill. When he examined it, he found it had been slashed. Jack was no longer muttering, he was yelling. Who would do this to him? And why?

Thinking back, Jack remembered the words he'd exchanged the other morning with some newsboys on his corner. He had just returned from a jog around Golden Gate Park, and as he got out of his car, he thought he heard one boy making disparaging remarks about gay men to the other boys as they folded

Jack ligured the cracks were meant for him, and he decided to let the boys know he didn't like them. He went up to the boy who'd made the remarks and told him he didn't think much of the boy's intelligence or education. He also told him he was gay and proud of it and that he didn't bother anyone and didn't expect anyone to bother him because of his sexuality. The boys just listened and hung their heads the way boys being yelled at often do. Jack went into his apartment and the boys went off on their

MORE MOUTHS to feed.

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Photos by Irene Kane





ACROSS THE

Since Jack could think of no one else who might want to "get" him, he figured the paperboys must be responsihle for the vandalism. He called the Chronicle to find out the names of the carriers in his area, hut since he wasn't a subscriber, the paper wouldn't give him any information. Frustrated and angry, he decided to talk his neighbors into threatening cancellation if the newspaper wouldn't cooperate. The first neighbor he approached told him about a program she had just joined: the Community Boards. She convinced him to call the office and see if the Boards could help him. He did and they said they would be glad to try.

Two caseworkers, Gene and Ann, came to visit Jack. He told them all he knew and felt about the situation and said he'd like to talk with the boys, not so much to get his money hack for his car parts, but to explain to them how their intolerance and lack of respect for different kinds of people hurt him and hurt them. Gene and Ann took what information Jack had on the boys and promised to try to find them and get everyone together at a hearing.

After a roundabout investigation, Gene finally managed to track down Al, Mike and Arnold, the three newsboys from Jack's comer. They all proclaimed innocence, but, feeling some pressure from the Chronicle to clear up the matter, the boys were anxious to tell their side of the story. Since none was over 16. Gene tried to get their parents to come, too. Al and Mike both brought



Lillian Mae Lanier joined her parents Hudson and Terry and hrother Max on April 18. She weighed 8 pounds 1 ounce and is named after her maternal grandmother. Lilly is the sixth grandchild and first granddaughter for neighborhood residents Ruth Asawa and Al their mothers. Ann arranged to get a room at James Lick Junior High and found live panel members from the Boards to attend. Early one evening in June, everyone got together to talk things out.

At first, people were very nervous. Even the panel members (who were all new at this) were worried that they might not remember their training well enough to be of any help. The hoys put on a show of bravado, but undemeath they were scared of being "talked to" by a roomful of adults and maybe losing their jobs. Their parents were defensive for their sakes.

Jack was tense as he told his story. He got angry all over again when he got to the part about the slashed tire. The panel members tried to help him relax and talk about what was really on his mind. He said he wanted to live in this neighborhood for a long time and to be friends with the people in it. He didn't want to feel he had to defend himself because of his sexual preference or anything else he did that didn't hurt anyone.

Now it was the boys' turn. They picked Al as their spokesperson, and even though he was only 13, he was almost a match for Jack in his eloquence. He said he and his buddies had been talking about another boy the day that Jack overheard them. He claimed that this boy was always slandering other kinds of people and that they didn't like him very much. He was sorry he had hurt Jack's feelings though,



Gela Wachholz-Yee and her husband Don Yee have a unique family. Not twins, but compadres. Gela and Don care for 15-week-old Alex Van-Valkenburgh while raising their son Kwei, who is 18 weeks. A lucky situation for Alex's working mother, a busy life for parents Don and Gela, and early companionship for the playful little

and he could see now that yelling remarks about people in the street wasn't a good idea.

Then Al turned to the vandalism issue. He demonstrated to Jack and the panel that he'd been on vacation with his folks Memorial Day and that the other two boys, Mike and Arnold, were on different routes. Mike and Amold confirmed this. All three boys talked about how bad it had felt to be unjustly accused. They also said they now felt bad about meeting on Jack's comer because there were feelings of hostility between them. The panel helped them to explore their feelings and express their real anxieties.

By now, Jack and Al and the other boys were much more relaxed and able to talk to each other about what they all thought and felt. The panelists said little, interviewing only to encourage someone over a rough spot. One of the mothers joined in and said she wanted to share responsibility for her son's prejudice. Her courage in saying this was acknowledged and accepted.

After about two hours of talk, a change had come over the room. People were no longer tense, nervous and defensive. Jack and Al, Mike and Amold were making plans to go down to the Chronicle together and find out who had been on the route that day. Maybe these boys had seen something. Jack might never solve the mystery of the attack on his car, but he now felt comfortable with these guys and said he would no longer feel angry when he saw them every day. The boys said they would feel comfortable about their corner again, and they were glad Jack would help them clear their names at the Chronicle. No one said it out loud, but everyone felt some real lessons in tolerance—of gays and of youths—had been learned.

As the session broke up, Al, Mike and Jack all said they wanted to join the Community Boards.



Debbie and Taylor Jon McFerrin made their debut as mother and son only hours after father/singer Bobby McFerrin made his debut at the New York City Kool Jazz Festival. Mom, Dad and a team of friends and birth coaches worked for 18 hours preparing for delivery. Taylor arrived weighing 7 pounds 10 ounces on June 28.

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SHORT TAKES

Big Band Blowout

Get out your retro gear and highheeled shoes. Noe Valley Jazz will present a Big Band Dance on Saturday, Aug. 29, at 8:15 p.m. at 1021 Sanchez St.

Veteran band leader Gene Gilbeaux brings his 16-piece swing orchestra to Noc Valley for this one-night event. It will benefit Noe Valley Music, a multi-cultural series starting this fall at the Noe Valley Ministry.

Participants are urged to dress up '40s style. There will be dance instruction early in the party for those of us who have forgotten (or never learned) how to fox trot or cha-cha. Noe Valley Ministry will offer refreshments for sale, and admission to the dance is \$4—the same price as regular Noe Valley Jazz concerts.

Wanted: One Backyard

Do you have a backyard that is disguised as a weed patch? Maybe underneath that overgrown tangle of vines lurks real honest-to-goodness soil. That piece of earth could become a bountiful garden.

Alvarado Elementary School, 625 Douglass St., has received grant money for a schoolwide gardening project for the next school year. The grant money will be used to huy some tools and supplies and to provide instruction in gardening techniques.

The school has a small area available for some of the vegetables and flowers, but teachers are looking for someone to "donate" their backyard. They're willing to clear any weeds, and, best of all, they'll share the fruits of their labor with the donor.

If you have a yard begging to be discovered or tools you'd like to contribute, call Lynn Rogers at 641-1790 or Alyse Danis at Alvarado School, 826-1650—after Aug. 17.

Award for View

Congratulations are in order for one of San Francisco's oldest and feistiest neighborhood newspapers. The Potrero View and its editor, Ruth Passen, were recently honored by the Mental Health Association of San Francisco for a May 1981 editorial in support of a mental health outpatient clinic on Potrero Hill. The association applauded the paper's "concern for untreated mentally ill people in the community" and commended Passen "for being that rare editorial writer who spoke out. Sympathetic media coverage of mental illness is rare."

Passen, along with other Potrero Hill residents, founded the *View* in 1970 as a totally volunteer-operated publication.

Keep on Recyling

The Bernal Recycling Center continues to welcome your tired and poor glass, newspapers, tin, aluminum and corrugated cardboard at the rear parking lot of the Farmers Market, 100 Alemany Blvd., Saturdays from 9 a.m. to 2 p.m. All proceeds from the sale of recyclables are donated to community and environmental projects.

If you're job-hunting as well as cleaning up, Bernal Recycling is seeking a part-time operations manager to oversee staff and equipment at the center. Send a resume to the office at 399 Cortland Ave., San Francisco, CA 94110. Deadline to apply is Aug. 12.

The project also needs volunteers. If you're interested, call Linda Walsh at 647-4255.

Exhibit Opening

Tapestries and paintings by Katherine Kilgore and paintings and etchings hy Alck Rapoport will be on display at Gallery Sanchez, opening Aug. 23 with a reception for the artists from 4 to 6 p.m. and continuing through Sept.. 24. Gallery Sanchez is located at the Noe Valley Ministry, 1021 Sanchez St.

Kilgore describes her life task as "taking an inner vision and translating it into a 'form,' woven or painted, with such skill that the inner light of the original image is not extinguished." Her richly colored, densely patterned tapestries shimmer with a radiance that transcends technique.

Rapoport studied at the Leningrad Art School and was a set designer for the Institute of Theater in Russia. He eventually clashed with authorities over the style of his paintings and prints and was forced to show his work in "secret" dissident art exhibits. In 1976, he and his family came to this country. Described by critic Michail Kulakov as "filled with philosophical metaphor," Rapoport's work shows a fascination for biblical subjects.

Gallery hours for this exhibit are 3 to 6 p.m., Monday through Friday, or by appointment (556-0138).

Soccer for Kids

Boys and girls ages 5 to 18 are invited to join a newly formed San Francisco division of the American Youth Soccer Organization (AYSO).

The sponsor of more than 15,000 teams nationwide, AYSO has launched a campaign to create some 16 new San Francisco teams. Fifteen children will make up a team, operating under a rule that "everyone plays."

To register for this fall's program, call (415) 991-0795 or write AYSO,

P.O. Box 513, Colma, CA 94014.

There's a \$25 application fee to defray the cost of uniforms, insurance and equipment, but discounts are available for families entering more than two children.

For details on the program, call Phillip Jacka at 648-0792.

Women's Wednesdays

A new Wednesday session has been added to the existing schedule of the Women's Clinic at District Health Center No. 1.

Unlike the current Tuesday and Thursday sessions, the Wednesday clinic will be staffed by females only. The staff is hoping to draw more younger women, especially high school students, to its health promotion and patient education services.

The clinic focuses on physical examinations, screenings for anemia, diabetes, cancer and sexually transmitted diseases, and provides information and referral for family planning and contraception.

To make an appointment, call 558-3905 between 8 a.m. and 5 p.m., Monday through Friday. The city-run health center, which also offers free health clinics for the entire family, 18 located at 3850 17th St.

Rent Rate 'Rithmetic

Hoping to save San Francisco tenants some hard-earned cash, Supervisor Carol Ruth Silver introduced legislation last month aimed at landlords who siphon off annual rent increases in excess of the 7 percent rent hike limit.

Silver's legislation would require landlords to disclose in their rent increase notices the following:

• That the rent control limit in San Francisco is 7 percent;

• That the requested increase is not more than 7 percent;

• The arithmetic used to compute the increase;

• That a tenant may file a complaint with the city's rent board if he or she believes the requested increase exceeds 7 percent;

 The phone number and address of the board;

• The deadline for filing a com-

Under the present rent control ordinance, a landlord may keep any rent hike he or she requests over the 7 percent limit if the tenant does not file a complaint before the increase is scheduled to go into effect.

"I believe the current law is backwards," said Silver. "Since the landlords are the ones requesting the increases, they should bear the burden of showing whether their requests fall within the law. Most tenants simply do not have the resources to fight rent increases."

Saturday Jazz Jams

Noe Valley Jazz recently moved from Sunday alternoons to Saturday evenings and, hy all indications, it was a wise decision. Flutist Larry Kassin, organizer of the weekly music series at the Noe Valley Ministry, drew over 75 people for his concert with keyboard artist Tom Darter last month. Encouraged by such response, Noe Valley Jazz will continue every Saturday night through August at 8:15 p.m. at 1021 Sanchez St.

Saturday, Aug. I. brings a musician who may be familiar to patrons of the cluh Bajones' Monday night jams: Dave Ginsberg, trumpeter and flugelhornist. You don't know what a flugelhorn is? Hadley Caliman, Bishop Norman Williams and Eddie Henderson all do, Ginsberg frequently plays with these and other big names in jazz.

Drummer Eddie Moore (you may have seen him in ads endorsing Yamaha drums) brings his trio to Noe Valley Jazz on Aug. 8. Moore recently returned from a successful tour of Europe with Dewey Redman, and he's performed with Sonny Rollins, Betty Carter and Woody Shaw.

Robert "Blue" Haven is a familiar figure to Noe Valleyites. He recently appeared with Hawley Currens at Noe Valley Jazz. On Aug. 15 he performs with Watermusic and Spiritual Vihrations, hoth bands featuring his saxophone and percussion. There'll he some high energy music, with its roots in free jazz and spirituals.

Teressa Angelsong and her group "Angelsong" will perform "oceanic space music" along with jazz and classical standards on Aug. 22. The group features five performers playing such exotic instruments as lyncon synthesizer, tibetal bells, an ectar and drones.

Concerts start promptly at 8:15, and a \$4 donation is requested. For more information, call the ministry at 821-4117.

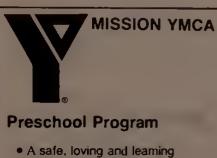
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Well, you can buy a replacement at Repeat Performance, the San Francisco Symphony's thrift shop at 2223 Fillmore St. Hours are 10 a.m. to 6:30 p.m.

There will be a fall fashion opening Tuesday, Sept. 1, featuring cocktail wear, sportswear, household goods, records and more, at prices ranging from 50 cents to \$50. The event is a benefit for the symphony in commemoration of the opening of the second season in Davies Symphony Hall.

Models in vintage outfits and live music will add to the fun. For details, call 563-3123.

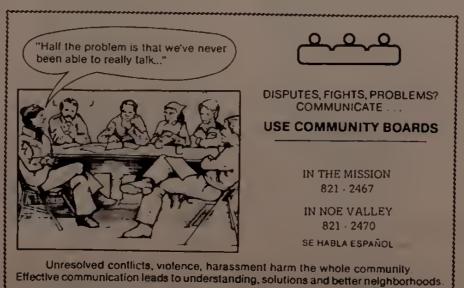


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Artemis Cafe...

Continued from Page 1

space for women, an alternative to the bars." She quickly developed a clientele, some gay, some straight, some separatist, some not, but almost exclusively female. The few men who wandered in by chance or choice got a personal advising from one of the staff that they had entered women's territory

Artemis' reputation spread throughout the Bay Area's burgeoning women's community. Groups that met at the Women's Building on 18th Street would come down to the cafe afterwards to lay back. Benefits were held for women and their causes, such as Jeanne Julien (a lesbian who lought for and woncustody of her child); the Committee to Defend Reproductive Rights, and the survival of the Women's Building

Redwood Records, a successful women's label, moved in next door, and the cafe featured women's music. not only by well-known artists like Meg Christian, Holly Near and Teresa Trull. hut also by those on the way up like Mimi Fox, Castleberry and Dupree, and Alive! Entertainers and customers alike found the place comfortable and intimate, and everyone benefitted financially from the low overhead.

Nevertheless, Lewinstein, who had managed the Haight-Ashbury's Park Bowl for 31/2 years, began to realize that 'we couldn't survive at the same pace." Operating costs were rising, suppliers were raising the size of their minimum orders, and Lewinstein didn't feel she could pass the hurden on to her customers. Either outside investors would have to be brought in, which she didn't want, or more cash would have to flow over the spool tables. It was a matter of facing the unfortunate realities of sexual economics: "Women just don't have the same bucks as men do, not enough to keep a place going.'

Lewinstein finally decided to go along with those of her customers who wanted to feel comfortable bringing their male friends, lovers and/or hus-



Always a beautiful place to attend a benefit, write a poem, munch a lunch, and hear some of the best in women's entertainment, the Artemis Cafe has long been known as "a woman's space." Now, the welcome has been extended to male customers.

bands in to share the good vibes. In a letter to the editors of *Plexus*, the major Bay Area women's newspaper, last May, she invited the women's community-at-large to bring their "feminist male friends, brothers and sons who understand the feminist goals and character of Artemis."

Later she explained that her decision was "not just financial." She is not a separatist, and she wanted the cafe to be a place where men could "sit down and enjoy themselves and not feel they were being slapped in the face.'

Some of the women who were used to the gender-exclusivity are not happy seeing men at Artemis. A letter in Plexus' July issue referred to the policy change as "a most uncreative act if not a treacherous one." The letter went on to complain that "(w)omen's space is non-existent in San Francisco (the Women's Building never was exclusive, therefore never secure).'

Although Lewinstein acknowledges the "big hurt" that such women feel. she doesn't think most of her customers will be alienated. One supportive customer declared in an August Plexus letter that "women must acknowledge men's humanity . . . congratulations, Artemis, on an enlightened decision."

In any case, Lewinstein will still schedule women-only events "if they're needed," and she'll continue to feature "the best of women's entertainment" on Friday and Saturday nights, providing an alternative to the huge auditoriums for women who may have little money and kids to take care of. (Kids are welcome at Artemis, too.)

Hospitality mixed with good energy is the recipe for the special ambience at Artemis, and it radiates from Lewinstein herself. She believes that her "working-class L.A." hackground is partly responsible for her being "more assertive than most women." Her family emigrated to California from Canada when her father became ill; he died later, when Lewinstein was still a kid. Her mother had to work, without benefit of social security because of her immigrant status.

Lewinstein herself made moneybut not enough—as a professional bowler prior to her management job at Park Bowl. She is ohviously still a supporter of athletics: a large Pioneers banner (celebrating S.F.'s professional women's hasketball team) adoms the wall over the cash register, and Artemis fields its own team in the Women's Business Softball League.

But the greater part of Lewinstein's energy goes into the cafe and associated activities. She trains the seven or eight women, mainly friends and friends of friends, who run the place, and she and friends do the remodeling and redecorating. In addition to organizing benefits, Lewinstein has put together the Valencia Street Guide, which locates the growing number of women-operated husinesses dotted along Valencia between 16th and 23rd Streets.

Lewinstein's dreams for Artemis extend to a "dinner cluh" with a full grill facility. The cafe already offers a varied and attractive menu: hot and cold sandwiches, salads, and quiches, with two soups per jour and a choice of sides. There's a wine list, black and herb teas, and coffee...no latte, but 'we now have de-caffeinated espresso.' Desserts are Just.

One of the best sound systems I've ever heard in an eating place is hooked up to a jukebox well stocked with Trull and Christian, but also Pat Benatar, the Beatles and the Jacksons.

For Lewinstein, Artemis is living proof that "women can make it." She reports proudly that one nearby competitor sent a letter protesting the sex integration, presumably because they were afraid of losing some of their clientele to Artemis. Women from around the country look to Artemis as a prototype for woman-run establishments. A world-traveling friend even reported finding an "Artemis Cafe" in Milan, Italy, with a suspiciously similar menu. All this indicates to Lewinstein that the power of women is growing, and she sees no threat in having men benefit

By Rob Miller

At the corner of Valencia and 21st Streets, a cavernous, freshly painted storefront stands waiting to be filled. It is the new Casa El Salvador, and the San Francisco Salvadoran community has ambitious plans to fill it, with music and art, learning and writing, good company and good advice.

The staff of Casa El Salvador moved in on June 5 and inaugurated the new building with speeches, music and a moment of silence on July 30.

A collective formed from the former staffs of the four Salvadoran solidarity groups in the Bay Area, the members of Casa El Salvador are trying out a new definition as well as new offices. The Casa hopes to serve not only as a focal point for political activity, but as a cultural and educational resource for the whole city. This new definition came out of a long internal evaluation process that the four old organizations underwent before combining their efforts and their offices in a single entity.

Carlos Paniagua, a coordinator of the new Casa, emphasized its distinction from the former loose coalition of groups. The old coalition spoke almost

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Four Groups Team up at Casa

exclusively and sometimes with conflicting voices of the guerilla war in El Salvador. The consolidated Casa, Paniagua said, can now speak with a single, perhaps calmer voice, while at the same time emhracing a wider range of activities that benefit the struggle of the Salvadoran people.

One of the most important of these activites is public education. The Casa staff plans to disseminate facts about the present strife in El Salvador as well as information about the Salvadoran culture, economy and politics.

Paniagua conceded that this was a slower process than demonstrations or marches, but said its results were always positive and usually more lasting. "We believe that people should be educated more than agitated. We feel we do a better joh that way. We want people to know why we are doing what we're doing. This applies both to Salvadorans and Americans."

This is not to say that the organi-

zation has changed its original political stance. It has merely changed its methods—partly in an attempt to open its doors to a broader spectrum of people, including the estimated 70,000 Salvadorans in San Francisco who may have been reluctant or afraid to associate with a "radical" group.

Paniagua explained that while some Salvadorans in the U.S. clearly disagreed with the Casa's outlook, others stayed away because they had carried the residual fear of the police and authority with them from their home-

He added that the Casa had always contained a wide variety of political opinion and hoped that the new approach would help convince people of that. "We require only solidarity with the struggling people of El Salvador. But we do not discuss ideologies." That "solidarity" includes, of course, a staunch opposition to the military junta that now rules the Central American

All Casa publications recognize the Democratic Revolutionary Front (FDR) as the "maximum political expression of the Salvadoran people," but again the organization takes pains to demonstrate that this dictates no strict party line. The FDR is, in fact, a broad coalition of moderate and center left groups that is generally acknowledged as the most widely supported opposition organization in El Salvador.

The Casa's plans for the upcoming months include political presentations, performances and exhibitions by Salvadoran artists, the debut of a legal referral service, and coordination of conferences and events involving other Bay Area organizations.

The legal counseling service will receive first priority in light of a recent ruling by the Reagan administration which narrows the definition of political asylum, especially as it applies to Salvadoran refugees. "It's no joke when we're talking about people, especially young men, being deported," said Paniagua. "It's a death sentence."

The Casa has previously directed most immigration problems to Amigos de El Salvador, a chureh-run refugee counseling program at 117 Diamond St., but it is rapidly putting its referral program together and welcomes all inquiries of a legal nature.

The Casa will soon begin putting out a monthly bilingual bulletin, as well as translating Democratic Revolutionary Front publications. Casa staff are also eager to exchange speakers, resources and expertise with other sympathetic organizations in the area. They are particularly interested in helping with the activities of local Native American groups.

The new Casa El Salvador has no shortage of plans for the future. Its one remaining obstacle is funding. Paniagua said. What has kept them going so far? "Just determination . . . and digging into our pockets." Staff members are currently preparing a grant proposal to send to foundations. They welcome private contributions in any amount.

They are also looking for volunteers with typing, translating, fundraising or layout skills.

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- Collective Comes to Valencia Street -

A Short History of Modern Times

By Ellen Trabiley

July 5, 1981; Sunday morning. The fog hasn't humed off yet, and the muffled silence delines last night's blitzkrieg of burglar alarms, sirens and screams in the streets, now littered with casings of exploded cherry bombs and Piccolo Petes.

Jean Pauline, a member of the collective that owns and operates the leftist bookstore Modern Times, arrives at the door of its new location at 968 Valencia St. Just inside, the Sunday New York Times sits unassembled in several piles. She's a little early for the 11 o'clock opening, yet within minutes of unlocking the door, three people have come in for the paper.

"It's smaller today because of the holiday," Jean explains to a customer. "Less advertising," she beams

Another customer has settled his small son at the children's table, strewn with books and paper and colored markers. He reminds the boy to draw only on the paper, then leaves to browse through the discounted books on the remainder table. A woman sits at the big, round wooden table llipping through Shopping Bag Ladies while her child plays on the braided rug; someone else relaxes in an armchair, perusing a book called Polysexuality; and a couple of folks stand at the huge rack of pamphlets and period-

Jean turns on the radio, and easy jazz fills the light, airy store.

Modern Times, called by one of its customers "a synthesis of Marxism, feminism, subjectivity, and everything else," will celehrate the start of its second decade this November. And for the first 9½ years of its existence, the scene described above could not have

Originally a project of the Socialist Review, the store operated until May in a cramped space on Sanchez and 17th Streets. Michael Rosenthal, a member of the collective since its second year, says the old store "looked too much like a typical '60s movement bookstorevery counter-cultural, very much declaring how much apart it was from everybody else. We came to understand that a movement bookstore was like a radical movement-it had to be something that people could realize was part

But there was never enough money to move. In fact, in 1979, despite Modern Times' reputation as one of the best politically organized bookstores in the U.S., the collective was barely able to meet expenses, even after reducing its already low salaries to sub-subsis-

This financial crisis was the result of national as well as local changes. For one thing, by the mid-'70s the New Left Printing on Valencia told them of their

was no longer the "cohesive social grouping who marched in and hought a copy each of whatever came out," as Michael put it

Then, in 1976, the women's bookstore called Old Wives' Tales opened. Amher Hollibaugh, another member of the Modern Times collective, points out that "the collective has always been made up of women and men who were unequivocally feminists-not just sympathetic leftists."

So, "when Old Wives" Tales opened," Jean explained, "we were delighted because we knew they were absolutely essential to the women's community. And even though we lost a good portion of our women's husiness, we welcomed them wholeheartedly. That was when we knew we had to hroaden our line. And that's when we started thinking about the catalog."

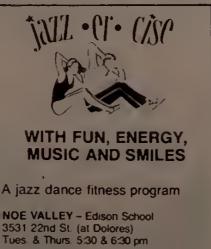
In the two years it took to raise the money and produce their first mailorder catalog, the extraordinary inflation of the late '70s just about did them in. But in May of 1979 the Modern Times Catalog finally came out, and orders started coming in from across the country. Of course, this meant a lot more work, "hut we learned a lot of skills-it started us thinking about advertising—lots of things—interfacing with the world at large more," Michael

The 1981 catalog contains some 600 annotated listings, including the most popular titles from the first catalog and selected new titles. Now Modem Times is the most extensive mail-order distributor of left and feminist books in the country. Jean estimated that mail orders currently amounted to 10 to 15 percent of total dollar sales.

The second innovation the collective made was to offer memberships to Triends and customers (often one in the same). At \$15 or \$25 a year, a membership entitles the subscriber to a 10 percent discount on all purchases

"The response was very heartening," says Pam Rosenthal, a member of the collective forced by economic necessity into the outside workplace. "It wasn't just the money but the way people felt," for along with checks came encouragement. One woman wrote: "I'm on S.S.L., but here's ten dollars. It's important to me that you survive." There are now about 500

So, by the end of 1980 the collective had just begun to recover from economic hard times. Then the huilding they'd been occupying since 1972 was sold, and their new landlord hit them with a huge rent increase and refused to sign a lease. So they put the word out to their friends again, and, sure enough, a solution materialized. The folks at Fits



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The curious and concerned browse among books on "Marxism, feminism, subjectivity, and everything else" at an expanded and relocated Modern Times bookstore Now on Valencia Street among the growing number of cultural and resource establishments, the store is owned and operated by a collective which is about to celebrate its 10th anniversary

plans to vacate their space, and the collective decided to go for it.

Now, in its new, larger home, Modern Times is better able to serve the friends who have supported the store. "We have always been a meeting place for many different progressive tendencies," Amber says. "Modern Times" growth is an indication of what I think will be happening in the '80s... We're all going to need each other a lot, and places like us are going to be very important as somewhere to go for people who are either under attack or feeling the pinch."

The collective hopes that, as well as enhancing the symbiosis with Modern Times' existing community of patrons, the store's new location and new look will attract new customers. With Reagan's election and the growth of the New Right, "more and more people who don't define themselves as leftists are becoming curious and concerned about what's going on," Pam said. "We want to use our space and experience to introduce non-leftists to left views, and leftists to interesting views that don't originate on the left.

Attracting old friends and newcomers alike shouldn't be a problem. The new store is a physical joy—it beckons you off the street. Inside, the rich warm colors and natural wood soothe and invite you to stay a while. And now there's room to stock more "easy" reading—fiction, cookbooks, large-format photo books, books on healing-"so our customers won't have to feel intellectually ambitious every time they come in," Pam said.

Even the walls entice. You can flip through racks of posters or view the photo exhibit: currently on display through August is "Mission Color" by Noe Valley photographer Kit Hedman. The book racks in the middle of the floor are on wheels, movable to make room for community forums and events like the book party scheduled for Sunday, Aug. 9, at which Alice Walker will read from her most recent work, You Can'i Keep a Good Woman Down. And the collective is planning a series of activities to celebrate its 10th anniversary in November.

How has a shoestring operation like Modern Times survived a decade of vast changes? Good instincts, for one. "The store has been in the front of a lot of changes—it didn't just hang around waiting until there was a fully developed movement and then put in a half a shelf of stock," Amber explained.

The bookstore has a wide selection of books on gay politics, for example, "Modern Times has always been one of the few left bookstores with lesbians as members of its collective," Amber said, 'and we have a kind of allegiance from that part of the community-the lesbians and gay men-which in this city is particularly important."

Another reason for Modern Times' longevity may be how carefully the collective chooses what to put on the shelves. "Radical as we've always been, we've tried really hard to show that you could still be concerned with qualities of spirit and taste," Michael said. "Our stock is what we think our community will want, and we recognize people's special passions and interests.

Amber noted that internal disputes over stock had caused the demise of many other left bookstores across the country. "People would always be leaving in anger over a certain kind of pamphlet, or a certain book, or a ten-

By contrast, the Modern Times collective has been unusually stable; Pam and Michael have been there nine years, Jean eight years, and Amber almost four. This consistency has given the store greater survival potential. Many other left organizations relied on unpaid volunteers who often didn't stay around long enough to acquire skills or learn to work together.

One of the results of this stability is that the collective has maintained a delicate agreement on where responsibility ends and censorship begins. They seem less concerned with propagating some party line than with exposing what's available and letting people make their own decisions. Occasionally, of course, there's extensive discussion about whether to carry a title, like Mein Kampf. The collective finally stocked one copy, concluding that "people need to find information in a place that doesn't endanger them."

More and more, Valencia Street is becoming a safe place and a resource center for people who pay attention. Now, interspersed with the taco parlors and dusty shops are national cultural centers, such as the new Casa El Salvador and the American Indian Center; bookshops like Maelstrom and Old Wives' Tales; cultural/arts centers like Tool and Die, the Women's Building, and the Roxie Theatre; and many women-operated husinesses.

Modern Times fits right into this unique neighborhood, "Being a leftist does make you more sensitive to something that's genuinely original," said Pam. "In this new space, people are noticing our uniqueness, and that's very exciting for us.'





Boot Camp with the Guardian Angels

By Barbara Roberts

Gathering up his remaining strength, the shirtless young man in black karate pants thrusts his chin to his knees and completes his 30th sit-up. With each jerk of his body, new beads of sweat appear on his muscular back. For the next hour, he'll do hundreds more sit-ups, and then an equal number of push-ups and other "warm-up" exercises.

An unfortunate high school student forced to stay after gym class? No, the young man is a Guardian Angel in training, and the training is grueling, to say the least.

The New York-based Guardian Angels, a select group of men and women bent on stopping street and transit crime, have recently added San

Francisco to their growing list of chapter cities.

When the new S.F. members hit the streets around the third week of August, they will join 1,400 members nationwide, not including another 600 in training.

It all started in 1978 when Angels founder Curtis "Rock" Sliwa organized a litter cleanup campaign called the Rock Patrol in New York City. The patrol proved so successful, Sliwa soon launched another enterprise: The Magnificent 13. The Magnificent 13 patrolled the New York subways starting in early 1979. Later that year, the group expanded its ranks and formed the Alliance of Guardian Angels.

The Guardian Angels quickly became a reassuring sight to New York's commuters, but it took nearly two years to convince the N.Y. Police Department of their effectiveness as a deterrent to

Several months ago, however, New York City signed a memorandum of understanding with the Angels. Under the agreement, the city recognizes the Guardian Angels as an official organization; the Angels are given ID cards from the city; the police department has the authority to run background checks on members; and the patrol leaders receive limited training from the department

In the two years since they set up shop, the Angels have organized 15 chapters in other cities around the country. Eight more chapters, including San Francisco, are currently in the training phase, and there are plans to add Sacramento, San Jose and Oakland to the list.

The doors of the California School of Karate, the site of the training and San Francisco base for the Angels, opened to recruits about two months ago. Out of the original 107 people who applied, 33, including 6 women, have survived the tough physical and mental training.

Though they come from diverse backgrounds and range in age from 18 to 32, they all have one goal on their minds: to clean up crime in the city.

The basic requirements to be a Guardian Angel are quite simple. A member must be at least 18 years of age and either employed or a student. But there's another prerequisite that narrows the field: a disciplined mental attitude.

That's where Ken Carson, San Francisco chapter president and a Munimichanic, comes in. When he's training the recruits, whether discussing the rules and regulations or barking orders during the physical training, Carson is the epitome of a Marine drill sergeant.

Says Carson, "If they can't take my verbal ahuse, then they won't cut it as an Angel."

His troops were cutting it just fine last month. They were doing so well, in fact, that Carson expected to graduate the first wave of Angels around Aug. 12, two weeks ahead of schedule.

There will be new Guardian Angel graduates every three months until a saturation point is reached.

Besides the physical training, which includes some basic martial arts instruction, the recruits face a battery of speakers. They have been counseled by Tito Torres, of the Mission Community Legal Defense, Inc., on the finer points of citizen's arrest. Torres emphasizes that he's "not condoning the Guardian Angels, but somebody's got to explain the legal boundaries" to the self-appointed crime-fighters.

The recruits also receive first aid and CPR (cardiopulmonary resuscita-

Continued on Page 9

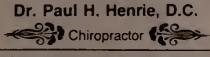


These fledgling Guardian Angels, under the watchful eye of instructor Ken Carson, must learn the art of self-defense and the rules of the organization before they go out on the streets of San Francisco far "reality training." The city's 33 new Angels will join some 1,400 others, patrolling their beats nationwide in an effort to clean up crime without guns.



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Don't leap to conclusions. This is not just empty exercise. Full-fledged Angels tike these instructors will have to walk two four-hour shifts on the streets, followed by two hours each of physical training and rap sessions, every week.

Angels...

Continued from Page 8

tion) instruction.

Shortly before their graduation, Carson will take them out on the streets for some "reality training" and test their reactions to potentially abusive situations.

Once the Angels are full-fledged members, their training doesn't end. They will be required to patrol at least two shifts consisting of four hours each, exert themselves for two hours of physical training, and wrap it up with two hours of rap sessions—every week. The Angels will patrol in groups of eight, each headed by a patrol leader.

Carson hopes the Angels will strengthen the attitudes that people have against crime. "We must be a calming effect. We're also going to be giving people strength to say and do something. It's called peer pressure."

It takes 51/2 weeks before an Angel is "allowed" to buy his eye-catching red beret. Once he graduates, he must also cough up money for the rest of his uniform, which consists of regulation black pants and a "Guardian Angels" emhlazoned tee-shirt.

As of now, there are four patrol leaders and four alternates. Some of the members can be characterized as "street-

wise," and some are law students. So much for stereotypes,

Once a member, the rules are tough, in accordance with Curtis Sliwa's philosophy. Angels carry no weapons and must use not only their self-defense training, but their wits as well. If a member is found with a weapon or drugs, he is automatically kicked out. The rules demand a proud and quiet demeanor and a consistently professional attitude.

"When a Guardian Angel patrol isn't moving, they're vulnerable. I want them to keep moving, hut never run—always walk...and respect your peers," Carson said.

Deciding where to patrol in San Francisco is not easy, Carson says. Good and bad neighborhoods exist side by side.

The first patrols will move on foot from the Ferry Building to Castro Street along Market, then fan out into the Tenderloin. Other patrols will travel a loop from Broadway to Van Ness to Fisherman's Wharf.

Sliwa recently met with Mayor Dianne Feinstein in the hopes of signing an agreement similar to New York's memorandum of understanding. But both the mayor and the police department have remained lukewarm to the

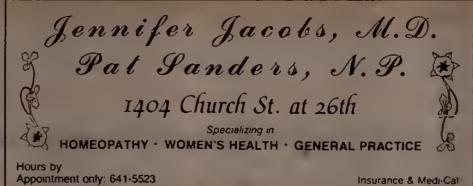
Carson is convinced the Angels



One of San Francisco's first batch of Angels' recruits gets his thigh muscles stretched. He'll also have to learn to withstand verbal abuse and to respect his peers before he gets his red beret.

will eventually win the city's confidence, however. "We don't have a track record here yet. It's understandable that we're going to have to prove ourselves. We had to prove ourselves everywhere else."

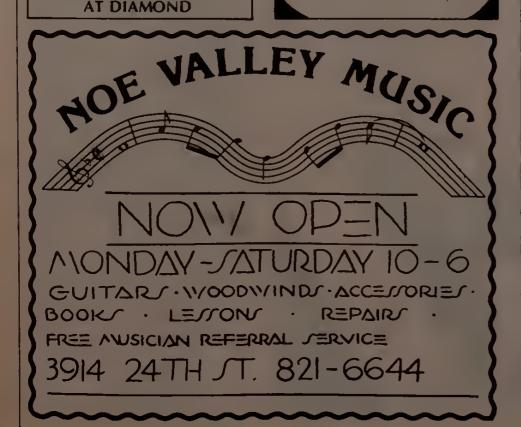
Those interested in joining the second wave of recruits, whose training is set to start near the end of this month, can call 441-3805 or drop by the California School of Karate, 1916 Polk St.















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A Decade of Good Deeds in Housing

The Inner Mission, just east of Noe Valley, is one of San Francisco's oldest neighborhoods, a delightful mix of pre-1906 Victorians and turn-of-the-century Edwardian apartments. But its blocks of new multi-colored paint jobs can't disguise some serious housing problems. The densely-built area has few vacant lots suitable for new construction, and the very popularity of its "antique" homes has created difficulties. Prices are astronomical, and rents have increased enormously in the last five years.

An important neighborhood organization that is attempting to solve some of these housing problems is the Mission Housing Development Corporation (MHDC). In a decade of operation, MHDC has made significant achievements and provided a valuable model for other San Francisco neighborhoods.

History

The area was named for Mission Dolores, the oldest building in San Francisco, established in 1776. As the growing city expanded in the decades after the Gold Rush, the Mission District was one of the first places sought by tract huilders. This warm, flat neighborhood was the ideal spot for development by companies such as the Real Estate Associates. They purchased blocks of lots from homestead associations and built hundreds of homes, which sold for \$1,200 to \$3,000, depending on the size and quality of interior finish. As the "Victorian" building boom continued, even more of the Mission District was built up by contractors and architects whose whimsical redwood and plaster concoctions still compose 80 percent of the area's housing stock.

This legacy of older huildings provides unique visual delights for those who walk or drive through the neighborhood, and the Mission's Victorians have been featured in hooks, magazines and newspapers. But age also creates problems, and the deterioration of the neighborhood's homes was one reason the Inner Mission was declared a "Model City Neighborhood Area," along with Bayview-Hunters Point, in 1969.

The establishment of a neighborhood-based, non-profit housing development corporation was an immediate priority. After community meetings to discuss specific programs and needs, MHDC was founded in August, 1971. The staff is directed by John Boume, chairman of the Mission Coafition Planning Committee and one of the major shapers of community housing poticy. Under his direction—and with the guidance of a nine-member board—MHDC has made substantial gains:

Planning

Realizing that housing needs in the Mission should be analyzed and met in a systematic way, MHDC prepared "A Plan for the Mission" in 1974. This document traced trends in housing, recreation, traffic and open space and established specific goals and policies which are now officially recognized by the San Francisco Planning Commission.

New Housing

Two new moderate-income buildings have been completed by MHDC, a significant achievement in an area with so little vacant land and so many households in need of affordable homes. "Esperanza"—aptly named "Hope" in Spanish—provides 39 apartments for the elderly in a handsome, shingled building whose bay windows blend well with the neighboring Edwardians.

Apartments subsidized for lower-income families are extremely difficult to guide through the thicket of local and federal regulations, especially in San Francisco's expensive housing market But MHDC completed a 50-unit development, "Betel," on 24th Street and Potrero Avenue and recently held a ground-hreaking ceremony for its second building for families, to be called "Colosimo," where 11 families will live.

Renovation

Since so much of the Inner Mission housing stock was built before the 1906 quake, deterioration, illegal units and inadequate electricity and plumbing are common problems. MHDC pioneered a low-interest revolving fund through Crocker Bank which has provided loans to repair more than 400 units.

Other Innovations

Recognizing that a neighborhood improves when residents are given a stake in its condition, MHDC offered home ownership assistance to tow-income families



These are significant achievements in low-income hoasing: top, an elegant restored Victorian on Treat Street; middle, a big project that nevertheless looks human and livable of 19th and Gaerrero; bottom, the san snines on Bill Witte of the Mayor's Office, MHDC Executive Director John Boarne, and Joe del Carlo, the corporation's board chairman, as they break ground at 25th and South Van Ness.

and, in conjunction with the North Mission Association, established loans to help merchants along 16th Street improve their storefronts.

Plans for the Future

The substantial achievements of MHDC have caused Stanford Research Institute to label it one of the most successful neighborhood housing agencies in the country. But neither Boume nor his staff is content with present progress. "During our next decade," Boume said, "we want to become self-sufficient and not rely so much on government funding. We want to find new ways to reach our primary goal, which is to provide good affordable housing for the people who live in the Mission District."

Judith Lynch directs the City Guide volunteers for Friends of the San Francisco Public Library. For a schedule of free history walks, call 558-3770.







few and far between. The main struggle to have realistic art accorded the same acceptance as abstract art continues

has lived in Noc Valley for 10 years, the

last year and a half with her hushand,

Guy Colwell, a painter who serves as

the Letter's designer. She says the idea

for the magazine originated as an out-

line for an article about realistic art that

she had tried unsuccessfully to sell to

the established art inagazines last fall.

Normally, she trics to save enough

money to take a trip to Europe each

year - an activity that is reflected in the

newsletter's familiarity with the art scene

in places like London, Paris, Amster-

dam and Copenhagen. But this year,

she decided to forego the trip and use

the money to launch The Real Art Letter

magazine: to get the message about

"real art" and real artists to the public,

to shake up dealers and critics, and to

provide solace to those who have been

introductory essay in the Letter, "with

the knowledge that the recognizable

ter cost \$10 for six months and can be

obtained hy writing to P.O. Box 31508,

'embarrassed to like real art."

image is central to imagination."

She says she has three goals for the

And it's all done, according to her

Subscriptions to The Real Art Let-

Harms is a freelance writer who

Newsletter Declares Art Wars

By Peter Magnani

Sally Harms isn't exactly a mover and shaker in the international art world. But she's pointed in that direction and proceeding at full steam. Her vehicle is The Real Art Letter, a "monthly newsletter of realist art." She began publishing it this summer from her livingroom at Army and Guerrero Streets ("the noisiest intersection in the city," in her estimation).

Pablo Picasso is quoted alongside the masthead of the first issue, which was sent to artists, dealers, museum curators and a circle of her own acquaintances all over the world. "Painting is not done to decorate apartments," Picasso is quoted as saying. "It is an instrument of war for attack and defense against the enemy.

Picasso's feisty, socially conscious tone is upheld throughout the 16-page newsletter, featuring essays and columns by Harms, reproductions of paintings and drawings that meet her criteria for "real art," and ads for underground comics, contemporary rubber stamps, art supply outlets and services for artists.

"Art is not a mirror held up to reality, but a hammer with which to shape it," an anonymous member of the Silk Screen Workers Union is quoted as saying on Page 5. And Harms herself acknowledges in her introductory essay that The Real Art Letter amounts to "a crusade against the trivialization of modern fine art.'

None of this stridency shows in Harms' cleancut look, business-like demeanor and clipped, fresh sentences, as she sits in a Mission District restaurant munching a taco and expanding on the kinds of art she likes and the kinds she dislikes. "More and more, when I go to exhibits of abstract art, nobody's actually looking at the pictures," she notes. "Is it that they're afraid to look around, or is it that the pictures aren't moving them?"

Harms accuses the current art "establishment"—gallery owners, museum curators, critics and the wealthy patrons they serve—of pushing art that's empty of social, political or emotional content, and purposely denigrating art that speaks directly to the concerns of people.

In fact, in the first issue of the Letter, she gives a "Golden Turd Award" to noted artist Jasper Johns, whose painting of three American flags

WEEKEND BRUNCH

DINNER

LUNCH

(one of hundreds he has done using the flag motif) was recently purchased by a New York museum for \$1 million. Harms says that Johns and other successful artists like him have latched onto a surefire formula for pleasing the all-powerful art establishment.

"If you want to make a lot of money painting, the way to do it is to be obscure or clever," she says, bemoaning the so-called avant garde, which she claims gloriftes anything that appears to be "new" or "different," regardless of how silly or boring it might be.

"I think art should be moving, exciting, stimulating, even frightening,' Harms says, acknowledging that abstract art was all of those things in the early part of this century, when its discoveries were fresh. "Realistic art is unpopular today because it's so forceful. It deals with instantly recognizable images, and it makes it hard to hide what's being said."

In Harms' view, there is a popular groundswell of opinion favoring realistic painting that might soon pull the establishment's wool off the public's eyes. She says people have come up to her after reading The Real Art Leuer and admitted that they had thought there might be something wrong with them because they didn't like abstract art.

She adds that a comic book store on 23rd Street in the Mission is doing a brisk business selling not only old vintage pulps, but the newer "underground" comics, in which many of her favorite artists are strutting their stuff. And all around the Mission, walls of huildings are covered with bright murals that contain the forceful images she would like to see displayed proudly in galleries and honored, rather than scomed, hy critics.

The August issue of the Letter will feature a story about Glen Wessels, whose murals were recently discovered beneath some bright yellow panels on the walls of Laguna Honda Hospital. They had been covered for decades because they were thought to he too depressing for the hospital residents. A slick New York art magazine has expressed interest in purchasing reprint rights for the article, Harms says,

There are even signs that realistic art is gaining acceptance by large corporations, whose hefty buying power is usually channeled into politically irrelevant, non-threatening abstract art, ac-





This portrait of writer Sally Harms at work was painted by her husband Guy Colwell, designer of their joint venture The Real Art Letter.

But Harms is quick to point out that such reckless displays of candor are

cording to Harms. She suggests we check out the lobby of the Bank of America branch at 23rd and Mission. A giant mural over the main counter depicts the lifestyle of Mexican working people. Its centerpiece is a group of mourners clustered around a dead peasant stretched Christ-like on a crossshaped bier. Candles burn all around, and a huge scroll dominates the scene, proclaiming, "Our sweat and our blood have fallen on this land to make other men rich."

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Fresh Fish

By Mazook

Noe Valley this, Noe Valley that, sometimes we get Noe Valley'd out. What, for example, do all of the following have in common: Noe Valley Cyclery, Noe Valley Psychotherapy Associates, Noe Valley Station, Noe Valley Deli, Noe Valley Sports, Noe Valley Bar & Grill, Noe Valley Music, Noe Valley Pizza, Noe Valley Fresh Produce, Noe Valley Law Office, and Noe Jeans. Answer: see below. You can get just about anything on 24th Street, where all the foregoing have the distinction of being.

Still, Downtown Noe Valley doesn't have everything, thank goodness. We have a guesthouse but no motel. We have a cinema but no movie theatre. Where is Noe Valley Chrysler, Noe Valley Department Store, Noe Valley Ticket Office, Noe Valley Rugs, Noe Valley Lumber Yard, Noe Valley Taxi, Fort Noe Valley, Marine World Africa Noe Valley, or the Noe Valley Immigration and Naturalization Service. No, Noe Valley does not have everything.

The Noe Valley Bureau of Investigation (NVBI) has not yet learned the identity of the civic-minded gentleman who has been dutifully and meticulously cleaning a stretch of 22nd Street between Noe and Sanchez. A medal for that man.

"Most Wanted" on the NVBI list is the truck driver who, with the aid of a helper and a very strong back, picked up and moved the Fiat sedan that was blocking his monstrous semi, parked at Bell Market's loading dock on Elizabeth Street.

The NVBI is also looking for at least one package in Bell Market's ehicken rack with just two or three wings or drumsticks or both. Most Noe Valleyites don't need a dozen wings. While in Bell, the NVBI did obtain a sample of that hickory-flavored charcoal starter being offered to Bell customers. One would expect that soon we will be able to marinate our drumsticks in the charcoal starter and simply ignite them when we're ready to eat.

The NVBI also has discovered that politically outspoken Harry Aleo of 24th Street's Twin Peaks Realty has apparently broken with party lines and posted a Friends of the Earth newspaper ad on his storefront window. The ad protests proposed Northern California coastal oil drilling. Hurray Harry! Boo Big Oil and James Watt! Now we might even see a blurb from the *Noe Valley Voice* in Harry's window...maybe this one.

The NVBI finally infiltrated the Friends of Noe Valley, but almost immediately extricated itself when it found virtually nothing of a suspicious nature happening. Their big event of the summer was a Fourth of July Picnic on the Noe Valley Library patio. About 100 neighbors turned out to potluck it for the old Red, White and Blue. One hopes the Friends will do more than just eat this winter. Let's have some rabble-rousing!

The NVB1 also reports an increase in leash law and pooper-scooper violations in Noe Valley this year.

Speaking of dogs, 49er tickets will not be available through the good offices of Mike's Barber Shop this season. However, Mike's daughter, co-barber, dog breeder and show winner Stephanie has seven beautiful Collie-Shepherd puppies, all of whom should be pretty big by the next Super Bowl. There may be one left.

The East & West of Castro Street Improvement Club has been doing just that these past few months. The Fred (who else?) Methner-led group has spent countless hours east of Castro, in Dolores Park, unpainting graffiti on park places. They were joined by Park and and now for the...

RUMORS

behind the news



The night before the Fourth of July, this venerable structure at 4171 24th St. was gutted by flames. Home to Don Schultz and Bill "Skippy" Taylor, owners of Taylor's Public House, the building suffered \$65,000 damage before it was doused by hosers from Engine 24 on Hoffman Street. A candle started the blaze. Thankfully, no one was hurt.

Rec, which repainted the funky restrooms on the green. East & West also boasts that it has licked the graffitious garbles at Lick and Alvarado Schools and countless other facades in the Valley.

WHEN THEY'RE HOT, WE'RE NOT: Noe Valley Jazz, 1021 Sanchez, will not, repeat not host local jazzman and scat singer Bobby McFerrin Aug. 8 as previously planned. His scheduled appearance was cancelled. Too bad! Bobby has just returned from the Newport Jazz Festival, where he received rave reviews from the likes of Phil Elwood, music critic for our rival newspaper *The Examiner*.

Noe Valley Music at 3914 24th St. is the recent creation of Bobus Smithdon and Larry Walker, drummer for the Tombs and former manager of the now defunct San Francisco Music. Music students take heed of some of the local musicians offering lessons under the auspices of Noe Valley Music: Michael King, music adviser and columnist for Autoharpoholic Magazine; Jodie Guthnie, flat-picking son of Arlo; jazz guitarist Paul Wash, and flutist Eugene

Watercolor Classes by Sabine call: 648 3446 Cash. When's the jam session?

San Francisco Music's old digs will now become a warehouse for Bud's I.C. We also learned that Bud's will soon have a new plant in Burlingame. Bud's in Burlingame?

Next door to Noe Valley Music, Jacqueline's Quality Wines is promising fancy wines at reasonable prices. Jacqueline Defaud, originally from Bourgogne, France (Burgundy en anglais), and her partner Franklin Scarlata import their wares direct from the vineyards of Bourgogne to sunny Noe Valley, thereby eliminating all those middle men/women and keeping the prices down. These French vins are even comparable to our great and famous California wines, they tell me.

Now that quiche has earried, the knish has arrived here in the form of the Knish Konnection, 4108 24th St. The store window poses the question, "Does a Knish have the Buddha nature?" The answer, of course, is who kares, just pass me a Kasha Knish! A bit of the old country in Noe Valley. However, we are informed, you Kasha freaks will

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ST CONT LIC 402757 PHONE (415) 285-1370 have to wait at least until September due to the bad Kasha krop back in the U.S.S.R.

From the Knish Konnection to the La Concha correction. A Spanish seafood restaurant has opened as La Roca, not as "La Concha," as previously reported to and by yours truly.

What's in a name, anyway? Noe Valley Tacos is Taco no mo' but now Noe Valley Station.

Shanghai chef Zhen Nina Fung is a very recent Noe Valley arrival who now presides in the New Hsian Restaurant kitchen at 3782 24th St. Fung has imported some authentic Szechuan recipes and claims his specialty is "Chop-Pot," which you will not find on the menu but can ask for by name. The New Hsian, by the way, is the only restaurant besides Taylor's Public House on 24th Street serving the famous Tsingtao beer, which is brewed in the brewery that Heineken built long before the Long March.

Everybody is looking forward to the return of Ray Shibata of Casey Cleaners, who closed his shop to recuperate from a mild medical setback. He is itching for the doctor's okay to reopen Casey's doors.

What will become of Josephine's location on 24th Street near Church? It could be empty for a while. Another haircutter? Doubtful.

Rain or shine, there always seems to be a line around Castro and 24th Street. The queue at Bud's is legend, but now there's Little Italy. Don't try it without a reservation or you can expect to have a late night feast followed by weird dreams of dancing pasta. It's also dilficult to use the public telephone on the corner without waiting in line. (Long lines can be avoided by phoning the phone in advance. 647-9911.)

Saturday, July 11, seemed like just another splendid summer night on the streets of Noe Valley. As midnight passed, the cast party for "A Chorus Line" was just starting to cook at Maggie's Restaurant, so owner Steve Harris invited his downtown visitors to carry on upstairs at his place. The party turned sour around 3 a.m., however, when the crowd learned that five teenage thugs had attacked an employee of Maggie's in front of St. Philip's Church, kicking him, breaking his glasses, beating him, choking him and calling him "faggot." They did everything but take the \$200 in his pocket.

Steve closed Maggie's the next day in protest of this outrageous act. He assures us that the employee is okay now, but are we? What comes to mind is a sign seen over in our sister valley, Eureka, which proclaims, "Distances from San Francisco should be measured in years, not in miles." We hope it's not back to the Dark Ages.

Engine No. 24, oldest active fire engine in the city, its erew and vintage (1914) firehouse located on Hoffman and Alvarado, did not escape the summer hub-bub of fires. Noe Valley's had more than its share. Three structures burned on 22nd Street near Vicksburg. Another was started at 522-24 Douglass St., reportedly by kids playing with fireworks. A smoker allegedly eaused the blaze at 4487 23rd St.

The July 3 fire at 4171 24th St. brought Engine 24 charging down the hill, screaming its siren among the fire-crackers. Fortunately, all the firemen are okay, and Lillie Hitchcock Coit (of Coit Tower fame) is still smiling in her portrait on the firehouse wall. Remember, the life they save may be yours!

Hey, have you hugged your pillow today? Well, don't delay.

ADVICE to the KIDWORN



Taking your child to work is one way to resolve round-the-clock childcare responsibilities. Karen Yard consults with her tax lawyer while daughter Samantha refigures the books—and bath manage to avaid gaing ta jail. Other creative approaches to the duties of Mams and Dads are described in aur story below.

You Deserve a Break Today

By Lynn Rogers

Every time I see Annie she looks more and more worn out. I never ask whythe reason is all too obvious. Actually, there are three reasons: Jeff, 9 months, Lisa, 2½, and Jack, 36. Jack works fulltime now as a graphic artist. He and Annie both used to work part-time at graphics, but then they realized that if they were going to have kids, they'd better do it before Annie got too much older. So they "planned" Lisa and Jeff. What they didn't "plan" was how hard Jack would have to work to pay for their larger family in a time of tight money and high inflation. Consequently, he has very little time or energy to handle kids or chores. They also

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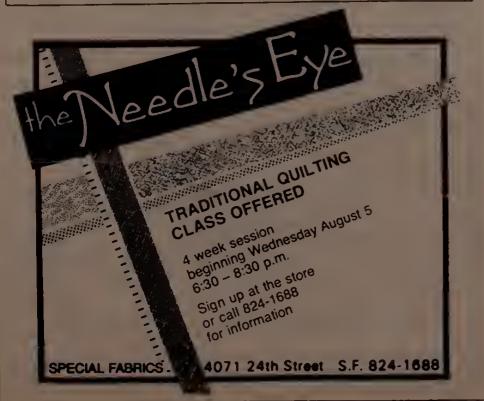


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JOSEPH A. KILLIAN, D.V.M.



didn't realize how hard Annie would have to work to meet the daily grind of three meals for four, tons of laundry and dirty dishes, constant picking-up after two active children, and interrupted sleep almost nightly. She has no time or energy left to do

"Lynn," she said one day, almost bitterly, "you're in almost the same situation as I. How come you're out here on the street calm, cool and alone and I'm

wrestling with these two kids and feel like a nervous wreck?"

"Well, Annie, this is my day off. Two days a week, the baby goes to a sitter. On one of those days, I do a gardening job, and I use that money to pay for this extra day that I use for fun. This is my idea of fun-walking down 24th Street, checking out the new books, bumping into old friends, buying the groceries with no kids reaching for stuff out of the basket."

"Yeah, I know what you mean. Once I walked down the street alone by mysclf! But isn't the haby awfully young to leave with someone else? Doesn't he

cry?'

"Sometimes he does—especially when he's teething like he is today. Sometimes he cries at home, too. I've told the sitter to treat him the same way I do, to pick him up if she can and carry him around, or to treat his gums if that's what it is, and tell him she's sorry for him, but he'll just have to get over it by himself."

"Don't you feel guilty when you're not there for him and he's feeling bad?" "Sure, I feel a little guilty. But not half as guilty as I used to feel when I was with him all the time and he was crying because his teeth or his stomach hurt and I couldn't help him and he cried and cried and I felt so angry and frustrated that I wanted to hurt him. Now I don't get so mad at him because I know that I only have to handle it a certain amount of the time and that there will be this free time when someone else takes care of him."

"Yeah, but that person's a stranger."

"Well, she's a kind, loving, easy-going stranger that I trust. Look, in the old days women had their mothers, grandmothers, aunts and cousins who rallied round and helped them with the kids and the house. Now we expect to do it all—with help from our mates. It's unrealistic. We end up resenting our mates because they really can't do that much and resenting the kids because they need so much. We constantly feel inadequate—that other women are doing all this so much better than we are. So I realized one day that I was spending all my time with my kids, just like I felt I was supposed to, but I wasn't enjoying it. And I felt like I was supposed to enjoy itlike the main reason I wanted babies was to play with them, to cuddle them, to watch them grow and change. But all I was seeing when I looked at them was the shitwork. So-I got help with the shitwork. Do you realize you can hire someone to clean your house in a few hours for twenty or thirty bucks?"

'No kidding? I could probably do a graphics job in an afternoon that would pay for that. And I've really been missing my work, but I never have time for it. Still, I really don't feel good about leaving these kids with a stranger.'

"So don't leave them with a stranger. Find a friend that needs extra money or wants to 'experience children.' Or do an exchange for two afternoons a week with another mother. Use that creative energy you still have to come up with the right arrangement for you and your family.

"Okay, I will. I just hadn't realized I had so many alternatives, that's all. Be

seeing you. 'Alone?''

"Alone."



REVIEW

Shepard's High-Tech and Hokey Thriller

"The Unseen Hand" by Sam Shepard
Directed by Richard E. T. White
Continues Thursday through Sunday until Aug. 22
The Eureka Theatre, 2299 Market St., 863-7133

Reviewed by Peter Magnani

"Everything from A to Z in the U.S.A." is the motto for the Southern California desert hurg of Azusa, whose residents at least can be counted on to remember the correct spelling of their hometown. It also serves as a motto for Sam Shepard's play "The Unseen Hand," which is set in a junky culvert under the freeway in Azusa, an amazingly lifelike reproduction of which has been assembled in the Eureka Theatre at 16th and Market.

Shepard offers a more jaded epigraph for the town in his program notes: "A collection of junk, Mostly people," That version prohably rings truer to the average Azusan than does the relentlessly cheerful original. Shepard should know, having grown up in nearby Duarie, which if it can't boast of having "everything," must certainly have just as much of nothing as Azusa has. Anyway, his revisionist view of the town motto is also a perfect description of his play: "A collection of junk, Mostly people."

Let's see, we have Blue Morphan, an ancient derelict who's been camped out in the rusting hulk of an old Chevy under the freeway for about 20 years, dreaming of the glory days when he and his brothers roamed the wild west looting and shooting. Then there's Willie, a highly acrobatic mutation from outer space. He appears in a puff of smoke, hoping to lure Blue out of retirement and into action against the dastardly overlords whose "unseen hand" keeps Willie and his fellow creatures in shape by pressing on their brains whenever they start to think too deeply.

If this is starting to sound like "Star Wars Goes to Sherwood Forest in 1984," remember the motto and hang on. There's also Cisco, who looks like a cross hetween Davey Crockett and the guy who didn't have to show you no stinkin' badges; and Sycamore, who looks like—well, who do you know who wears black leather everything including a full-length hlack leather coat? They're the other Morphan brothers, and they have to be dragged out of more than retirement, since they'd been retired a long time ago when they ended up as the shootees in a shootout. Their resurrection, Blue's transformation into a young man, and a couple of hairy scenes where the hand leans heavily on poor Willie, can match anything George Lucas has done in the way of special effects.

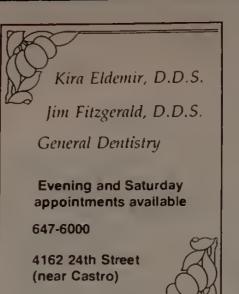
It all revolves around actor Stephen LeGrand, who plays an amazingly agile and energetic Willie, truly not of this world, nor even of this species. He's backed up hrilliantly by Julian Lopez-Morillas, Rohert Ernst and David Parr as the Morphan hrothers, and by a technical crew that includes lighting designers Kurt Landisman and Rhonda Birnbaum, sound designer Terry Hunter, and music composer Stephen Weinstock. Under Richard E. T. White's sparkling direction, this high-tech hut hokey tongue-in-cheek thriller seems to effortlessly transcend the practical limitations of live theatre.

But wait a minute. Who's that guy hiding in the ditch? He's The Kid, played hy Gregory Proops, a real-live modern day Azusan. What's he doing there? I'll let you find out for yourself. And you really should.





Family
Portraits
Irene
Kane
285~0383



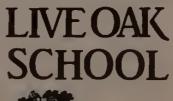


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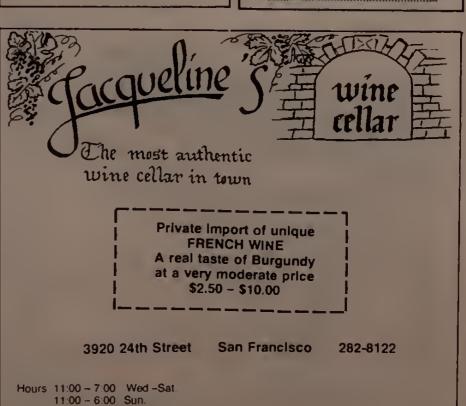
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SUNFLOWER, 951A Dolores, An After School Program for Kindergarten Children, has openings for the Fall. Pick up at schools in Noc Valley and nearby, M-F. For information, call Joti at 285-5227.

RENTAL WANTED. Gardner Haskell, assistant Librarian at Noe Valley Library needs Noe Valley apartment (or tong sublet) hy Sept. 1. Can pay to \$350. Leave message at 952-5000 (7-9 p.m.) or at Noe Library, 285-2788.

DEAR BOB AND DONNA. This is just a test to see if you really "read the whole paper." Note that we haven't mentioned Lindy once. We know it emharrasses you all. Thank you for your hospitality on 7/18. Anonymous.

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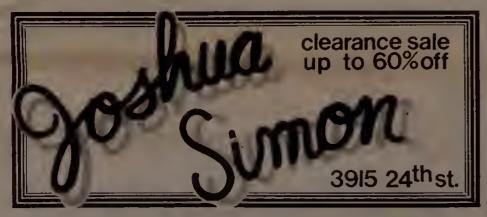
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ADVERTISING is a steal in the Classifieds section of the Noe Valley Voice. A mere 10 cents a word. Send copy and check or money hors d'oeuvres to the Noe Valley Voice, 1021 Sanchez St., S.F., 94114.







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July 31-Aug. 15: Screaming Memes comedy: "Egg Foo Yucks." The Open Theatre, 441 Clement St. Fri., Sat., 8:30 p.m. 431-MEME.

Aug. 1: Potluck Brunch "for people who make things happen." Noe Valley Ministry, 1021 Sanchez St. 10 a.m.

Aug. 2: Baroque Arts Ensemble performs "Airs and Divisions." Community Music Center, 544 Capp St., 4 p.m.

Aug. 2: Recital by violinist Providence Jenkins, pianist Kathy Krakover, and soprano Marion Kimes. Noe Valley Ministry, 1021 Sanchez St. 4 p.m.

Aug. 17-Oct. 24: 10-week dance workshops at Beth Abrams Dance Studio. Classes in beginning and intermediate jazz, beginning ballet, 3435 Army St., Suite 208. 282-

Aug. 8: Open House at the International School of Massage and George Leone Holistic Healing Center, 2872 Folsom St. Free massage, healing workshops, garage sale, concert. I to 10 p.m. 285-2909.

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Aug. 28

Aug. 2: Film to benefit Eritrea Material Aid Campaign. Noe Valley Ministry, 1021 Sanchez St. 7:30 p.m. 282-0365.

Aug. 13: "Finding What You Need in San Francisco: Tips on Low-cost Resources and Unknown Entertainment," talk by Jan Zobel, editor of Peaple's Yellow Pages. Excelsion Branch Library, 4400 Mission St. 641-4011.



Films ere shown Fridays at 8 p.m. at the Noe Velley Ministry, 1021 Sanchez St. Call 469-8890 for detells.

Carlos Saure's "The Garden of Delights" (Spain, 1970). Aug. 7

Animation Festivel from the Golden Age of Columbie Aug. 14 and Werner Brothers.

Antonio Equino's "Chuquiago" (Bolivia, 1977), plus Aug. 21 short by Bay Aree filmmaker Alda Caceres, "The Web."

> Avant Garde, Dada, Surreelism: Short films by Rene Clair, Fernand Leger, Germaine Dulac, Man Ray, Salvador Dali, Luis Bunuel, and more.

Aug. 15: .Solo piano recital by Thomas Constanten, former keyboard player for the Grateful Dead Community Music Center, 544 Capp St. 8 p.m.:

Aug. 16: Baroque Arts Ensemble presents San Francisco premiere of haroque opera "Il Giuoco del Quadriglio" Community Music Center, 544 Capp St., 4 p.m.

Aug. 18: Women Writers' Union Benefit for El Salvador: poetry readings by Karen Brodine and Adelina Azevedo. Mission Blue Cafe, 300 Precita. 8 p.m.

Aug. 20: "Fast-talking" poet Q. R. Hand will be the featured guest at a reading at Maelstrom bookstore, 572 Valencia St. 8:30

Aug. 23: 'Gallery Sanchez opening and reception for artists Katherine Kilgore (tapestries and paintings) and Alek Rapoport (prints and paintings). Noe Valley Ministry, 1021 Sanchez St. 4 to 6 p.m.

Aug. 26: Community Boards Program monthly meeting (fourth Wednesday of the month). Noe Valley Ministry, 1021 Sanchez St. 7:30

Aug. 30: Baroque Arts Ensemble performs works of Bach, Buxtehude and others. Community Music Center, 544 Capp St. 4 p.m.

Please send Calendar items before the 15th day of the month preceding month of issue to the Noe Valley Voice. 1021 Sanchez St., San Francisco 94114.

ONGOING EVENTS

NOE VALLEY LIBRARY, 451 Jersey St., 285-2788

- Noe Valley Community Archives meeting. First Sat. of month, 40 a.m. to noon.
- Community garden workdays. Call for schedule.
- Preschool story hours. Tues., 10:30 a.m. and 1:30 p.m. Story hour for older children. Thurs., 4 p.m.

NOE VALLEY SENIOR CENTER, 1021 Sanchez St., 282-2317

- Hot lunches served Tues, and Thurs., 1 p.m.
- Soup lunch with guest speakers, Wcd., 12:30 p.m.

SAN FRANCISCO HOME HEALTH SERVICE, 225 30th St., 285-5615

- Hot lunches served daily.
- Health education Thurs., 11 a.m. to noon.
- Aug. 2: Dance with Joe Caramango's band, 1:30-3 p.m.
- Aug. 11: Testing for diabetes, 10 to noon.
- Aug. 12: Podiatric screening and treatment, 9 to noon. Call for appointment.

 • Aug. 28-29: Reno-Sparks Trip. Call for details.

ACTION FOR BETTER LIVING FOR THE ELDER-LY (ABLE), 944 Market St., 788-2253

 Weekly discussion on forming creative, extended family households. All ages, mature adults welcome.

S.F. WOMEN'S HEALTH CENTER, 14 Precita Ave.,

 Women's health classes, workshops, referrals. Hours: Mon., Wed., 10-3. Tues., 12-5. Thurs., 12-4:30 Fr., 10-noon.

Subscriptions



Noe Valley Voice

\$10/year (seniors \$5/year)

Send check or money order to the Noe Valley Voice. 1021 Sanchez Street San Francisco 94114

OPTIONS FOR WOMEN OVER FORTY, 3543 18th

- St., 431-6405 or 431-6944
- Joh counseling Tues, and Wed., 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. • Free employment information service Mon.-Fri., 10 a.m to 5 p.m.
- Aug. 5-Sept. 9: Women's personal problem solving group, Wed., 1-3 p.m.
- Aug. 13: "Menopause—Myths and Realities," 5:30 p.m.
- Aug. 21: "Musical Evening" fundraiser, 7:30 p.m.
 Aug. 28: Older Women's League (OWL) meets on aging and women's issues, 5:30 p.m.

OUR HOUSE OF CONCERN, 180 Fair Oaks St.,

 Youth recreation and self-help program. Hours: Fri., 4-11 p.m.; Sat., I-11 p.m.

EUREKA THEATRE CO., 2299 Market St., 863-7133

- Through Aug. 22: "Unseen Hand" by Sam Shepard. Thurs.-Sun., 8 p.m.
- Through Aug. 8: "Secrets of the H Bomb" performance by Bill Talen. Fri. & Sat., 11 p.m.

NOE VALLEY JAZZ, 1021 Sanchez St., 821-4117

- All concerts Saturdays, 8:15 p.m.
- Aug. 1: David Ginsberg. • Aug. 8: Eddie Moore.
- Aug. 15: Watermusic and Spiritual Vibrations.
- Aug. 22: Angelsong.
- Aug. 29: Big Band Dance with Gene Gilbeaux Swing Orchestra

BAJONES, 1062 Valencia St., 282-2522.

- Music starts nightly at 9 p.m.
- Sundays: Ed Kelly, 5–9 p.m. Bishop Norman Williams.
- Mondays: Oakland Review.
- Tuesdays: Jessica Williams quartet.
- Wednesdays: Babatunde's Conjunto Uhuru salsa band. • Thursdays: Moment's Notice jazz with Babatunde.
- Fridays and Saturdays: R&B/funk/jazz with Oakland.

SALONICAS, 4026 24th St., 285-6272

- Saturdays: Larry Lewis Trio, 8–12 p.m.
- Sundays: Call for music dates.

BETHANY UNITED METHODIST CHURCH, 1268 Sanchez St., 647-8393

- Sundays: Adult Bible class, 9:30 a m. Worship celebration, 11 a.m. Children's class, 11 a.m. Korean Baptist Church, 1:30 p.m.
- Monday through Thursday: Children's after-school art program, I p.m.
- Thursdays: Children observation class, 9 a m. Improvisation class, 6 p.m. Choir, 7:30 p.m. • Fridays and Saturdays: Workshops, benefits, plays.

- JAMESTOWN COMMUNITY CENTER, 180 Fair Oaks St., 647-6274
- After-school programs for youth in arts and crafts. animal care, tutoring, library, films, recreation for boys and girls, field trips, gymnastics, dance. Mon.-Fri...
- Employment and career guidance for youth. Mon. –Fri. 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.
- Lunch for seniors. Mon., Tues., Wed., Fri., Sun., noon.
- Sewing classes. Mon. and Fri., 9-12 a.m. Self-defense for women. Tues., 7:30-10 p.m.
- Women's volleyball. Wed., 7-9 p.m. • Bingo, Thurs., 7-10 p.m.

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FRANCIS OF ASSISI SENIOR CENTER, 145 Guerrero St., 861-5790

- Hot lunches, Mon.-Fri., noon, 65¢.
- Legal assistance second Mon., 1-2 p.m.
- · Crafts, Mon., 1 p.m.
- Bingo, Tues., 1 p.m.Mini-market, Wed., 12:30 p.m.
- Exercise class. Fri., 10 a.m. to noon

VETS CENTER, 1708 Waller St., 386-6726

- Vietnam-era veterans outreach program. Walk-in weekdays, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. One-on-one counseling, employment listings, rap groups,
- referrals.

NOE VALLEY MINISTRY, 1021 Sanchez St., 282-2317 Word and meditation, 8 a.m.

- T'ai chi exereise, 8:30 a.m.
- Noe Valley Co-op Nursery School, 821-9717.
- Draft registration/C.O. counseling, 282-2317.
- Paideia University, 221-1112. Dance/movement therapy, 864-0911, 665-7598.
- Community Boards Program, 821-2470.
- Gallery Sanchez, Mon.-Fri., 3-6 p.m. Sundays:
- Overeaters Anonymous, 9 a.m., 824-2914.
- Noe Valley Ministry worship, 10 a.m.
- Writers Read, 282-2317.
- Mondays:
- DansYnergy, Mon., Wed., Fri., 7 a.m., 826-2416. Jazz exercise, 6:15 p.m., 282-5835.
- Tuesdays:
- Escrima, 6:30 p.ni., 756-6443
- Singing from Inside Out, 7 p.m., 564-3184, 584-2435. Wednesdays:
 - Yoga, 6 p.m., 648-1050. Thursdays:
 - Jazz exercise, 6:15 p.m.
 - Fridays • Noc Valley Karate, 9:30 a.m., 821-3613. Noe Valley Cinema, 8 p.m., 469-8890.
 - T'ai chi chuan, 10 a.m.
- Overeaters Anonymous, 3:30 p.m., 826-5685.